



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

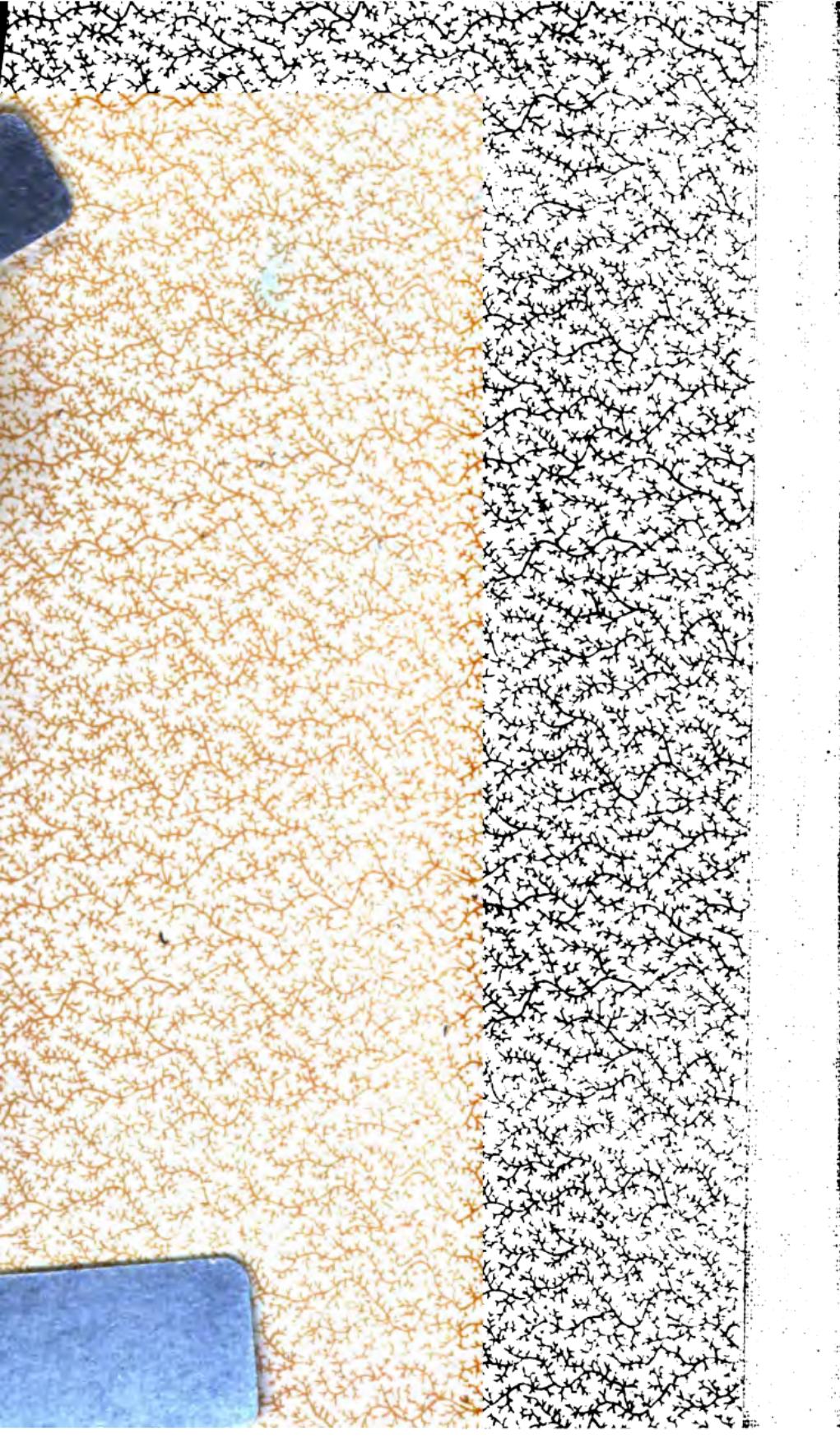
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

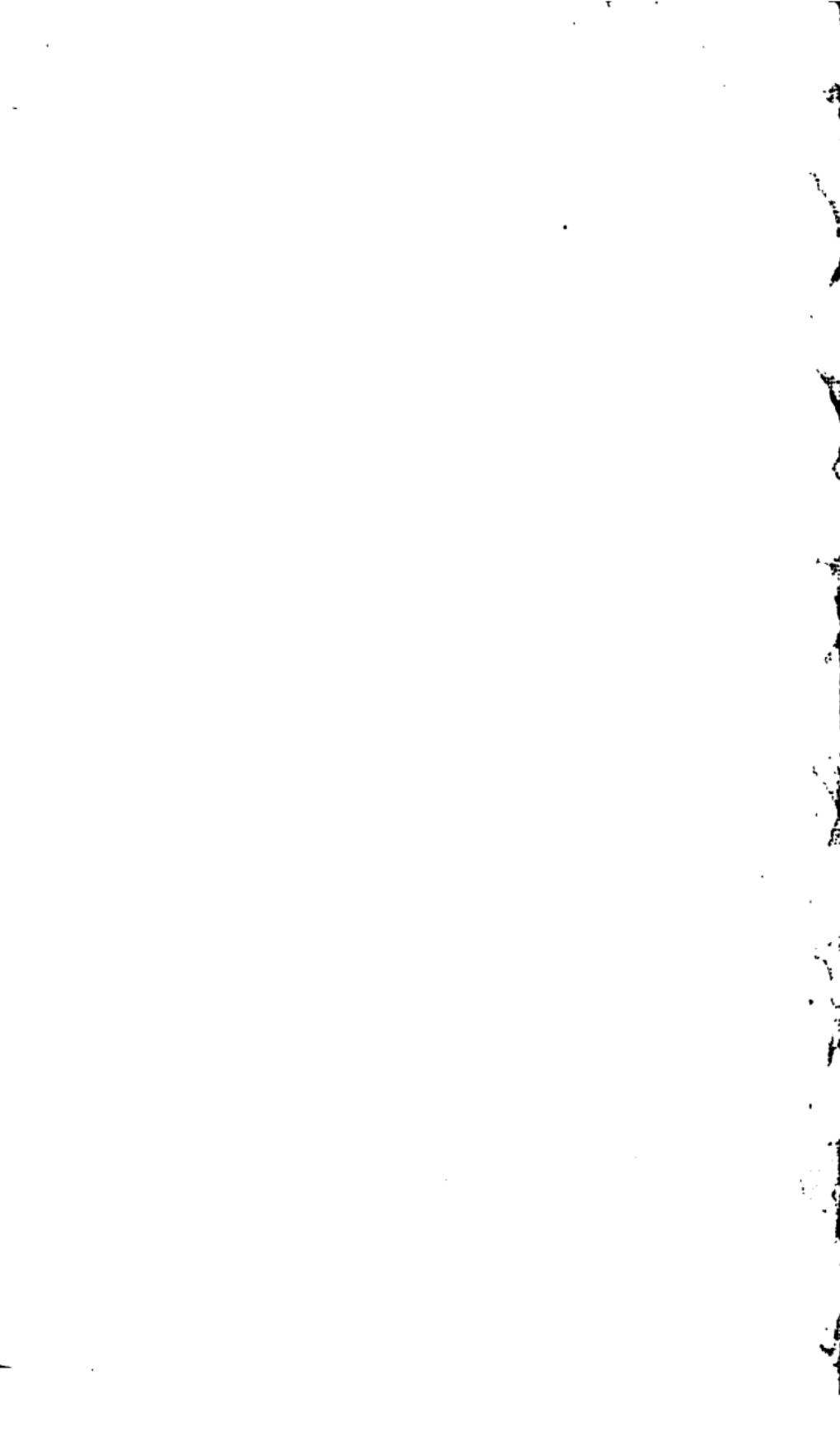
About Google Book Search

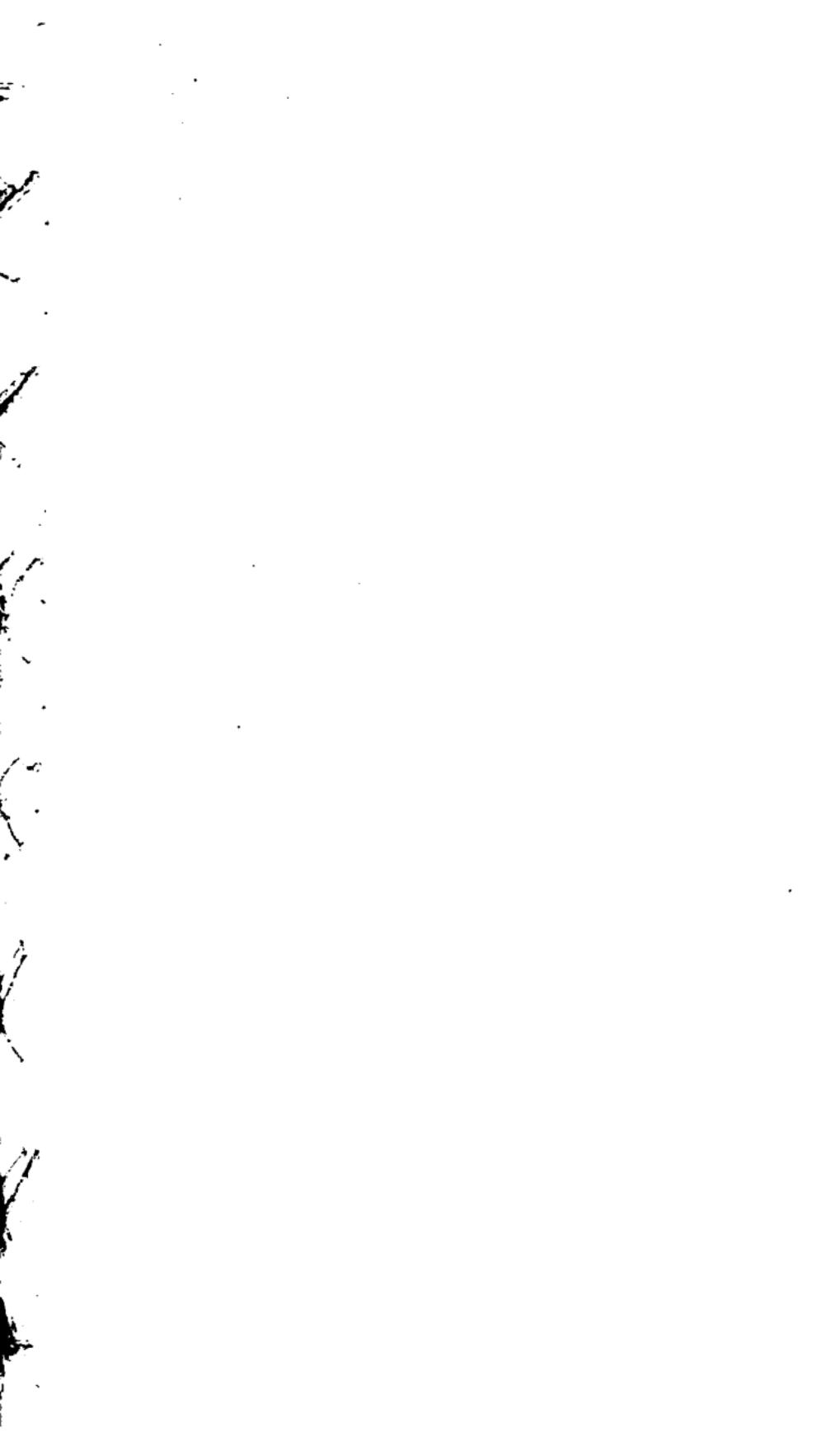
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

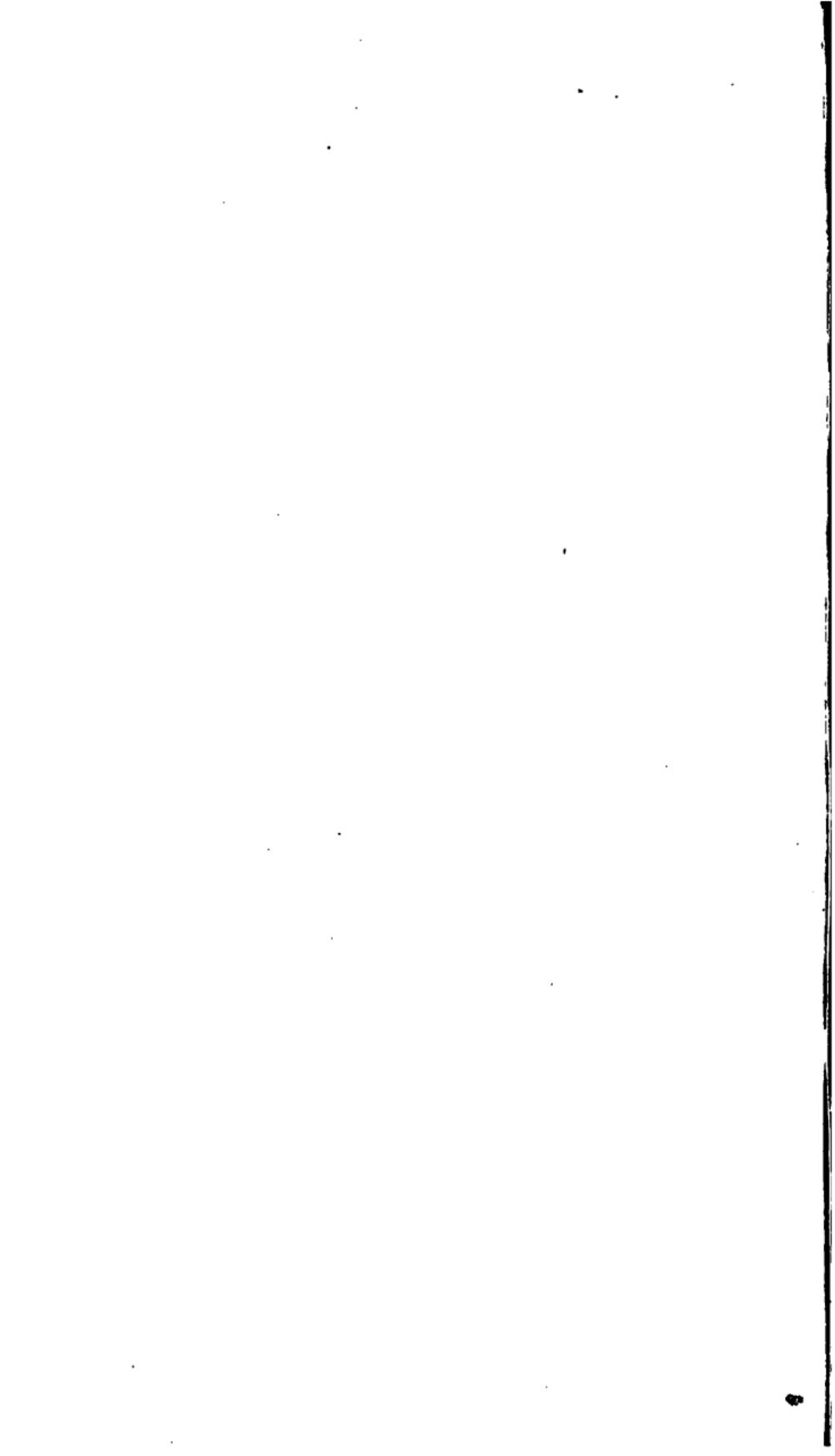
3 3433 07484624 1











LADIES' GEMS.

POEMS ON THE LOVE OF FLOWERS,

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS,

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

**NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED AT 128 NASSAU-ST.**

1855

D.C. 6 1933

Entered in
U.S. Copyright Office

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855,
BY H. HUTCHINSON;
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District
of New York.

W.H. WOOD
21-2003
1855
W.H. WOOD

Entered in U.S. Copyright Office

1855 - 1856 - 1857 - 1858

CONTENTS.

	Page
Wild Flowers.....	5
Let us go to the Woods.....	7
Daffodils.....	9
The Sweet Brier.....	9
The Flower Girl.....	10
The Yellow Violet.....	11
The Daisy.....	12
The Holly Tree.....	12
The Wee Flower.....	13
The Language of Flowers.....	14
The Primrose.....	15
Field Flowers.....	16
To a Mountain Daisy.....	17
Precepts of Flowers.....	19
The Bramble Flower.....	20
The Lily of the Valley.....	21
The Night Blooming Cereus.....	23
To the Fringilla Melodious.....	24
To the Painted Columbine.....	25
The Wind Flower.....	26
The Death of the Flowers.....	27
Work-horse in a Park on Sunday.....	29
To a Young Ass.....	31
Ettrick Shepherd's Address to his Dog Hector.....	32
The Robin.....	35
To a Mouse.....	36
To a City Pigeon.....	38
The Wood Mouse.....	39
The Dying Spaniel.....	40
On scaring some Waterfowl in Loch Turit.....	43
To the Butterfly.....	44
Superannuated Horse to his Master.....	45
The Fly.....	46
The Linnet.....	47
Kindness to Animals.....	48
The Grey Forest Eagle.....	49

	A&B
The Little Beach-Bird.....	54
The Winged Worshippers.....	55
To the Condor.....	56
To the Canary Bird.....	57
To a Waterfowl.....	57
Epitaph on a Dog.....	58
The Belfry Pigeon.....	59

PRINTED WITH
21.200.9
175.1.981 :



SELECT POEMS
ON
LOVE FOR FLOWERS

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrival'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
in nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.—COWPER.

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
 From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
 Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
 And I can image you, as in a dream,
 Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
 Are fixed as in a queenly diadem:
 Though lowly ye, and meet without a name,
 Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
 As light awhile into the world came—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
 The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes:
 Our own blue-hell—the daisy, that doth rise
 Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
 And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
 Fann'd in your loveliness by every breeze,
 And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
 I often wish that I were one of you,
 Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
 The evening star grows dim and fades away,
 And morning comes and goes, and then the day
 Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
 But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
 The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
 And in your native woods and wilds to be.
 All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
 The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
 And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !
 Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;
 And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—
 I love ye all !

NICOLL.

LET US GO TO THE WOODS.

LET us go to the woods—'tis a bright sunny day :
 They are mowing the grass, and at work with the hay.
 Come over the meadow and scent the fresh air,
 For the pure mountain breezes are everywhere.
 We'll follow this winding path up to the hills,
 And spring with a lightsome foot over the rills.
 Up, up—it grows sweeter the higher we get,
 With the flowers of the season that linger here yet.
 Nay, pause not to gaze at the landscape now;
 It is finer when seen from the high hill's brow.
 We will gather all curious flowers as we go ;
 The sweet and the scentless, and those that bend low ;
 The pale and the gandy, the tiny, the tall,
 From the vine, from the shrub, we will gather them all.

Now here's the Clematis, all graceful and fair ;
 You may set it like pearls in the folds of your hair.
 And if for your bosom you'd have a bouquet,
 Here's the Meadow-pink sweet, and the Touch-me-not gay.

Here's the full-blown Azalea, perfuming the air,
 Here's the Cardinal-flower, that a princess might wear.

And the wild mountain Phlox, pink and purple and blue,
 And Star-flowers both of white and of golden hue.
 And here's a bright blossom, a gay one indeed,
 Our mountain maids name it the Butterfly-weed ;

So gorgeous its colours, one scarcely can tell
If the flower or the insect in beauty excel.

Here's the low dwarf Acacia, that droops as it grows,
And its leaves, as you gather them, tremble and close.
And near us, I know by her breath on the gale,
Is the tall yellow Primrose, so pretty and pale.

Here's the Pigeon-pea, fit for a fairy's bowers,
And the purple Thrift, straightest and primmest of
flowers.

Here is Privet, no prettier shrub have we met;
And the Midsummer-daisy is hiding here yet.

But stay—we are now on the high hill's brow!
How bright lie the fields in the sunlight below!
Do you see those white chimneys that peep o'er the
grove?

'Tis your own little cottage, the home that you love:
Let us go by the fields where the Chinkapins are,
And through the long lane where the Chestnuts hang
fair,

They are scarcely yet ripe, but their tender green
Looks lovely the dark clustering foliage between:
And we'll stop at the nest that we found in the wood,
And see if the blackbird hath flown with her brood:
And we'll list to the mocking-bird, wondering
thereat,

Till he pauses, as if to ask, "Who can do that?"
We will listen and gaze, for the lowliest thing
Some lesson of worth to the mind can bring.

If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it doth lie:
And it is good to go forth among scenes like these,
Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees,
If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.

ANONYMOUS.

DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:

Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything:
 We die,
 As your hours do; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.—Herrick

THE SWEET-BRIER.

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
 Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
 In all the blooming waste it left behind,
 As that the sweet-brier yields it; and the shower
 Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
 One half so lovely; yet it grows along
 The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
 Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
 And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
 Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
 Its sweetness all is of my native land;
 And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate

Among the perfumes which the rich and great
 Buy from the odours of the spicy East.
 You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
 The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
 That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?
 BRAINARD.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Come buy, come buy my mystic flowers,
 All ranged with due consideration,
 And culled in fancy's fairy bowers,
 To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,
 I've Snowdrops, winter's children cold;
 And those who seek for wealth to marry,
 May buy the flaunting Marigold.

I've Ragwort, Ragged Robbins too,
 Cheap flowers for those of low condition;
 For Bachelors I've Buttons blue;
 And Crown Imperials for ambition.

For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,
 I've Pheasant's Eye and sprigs of Heather;
 For courtiers with the supple knee,
 I've Parasites and Prince's Feather.

For thin tall fops I keep the Rush,
 For peasants still am Nightshade weeding;
 For rakes, I've Devil-in-the-Bush,
 For sighing Strephons, Love-lies-Bleeding.

But fairest blooms affection's hand
 For constancy and worth disposes,
 And gladly weaves at your command
 A wreath of Amaranths and Roses.

MRS. CORNOLD.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
 And woods the blue-bird's warble knew,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
 Sweet flower! I love in forest bare
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plant thee in the watery mould,
 And I have seen thee blossoming
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
 Unapt the passing view to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
 But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget
 The friends in darker fortunes tried;
 I copied them—but I regret
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
 Awakes the painted tribes of light,
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
 That made the woods of April bright.

BEYANT.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within!

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

Dr. GOOD.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:

And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
 Harsh and austere ;
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude ;
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities, I, day by day,
 Would wear away ;
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they ;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng ;
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
 More grave than they ;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

SOUTHEY.

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,
 Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds ;
 And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
 For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew,

Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa', like a clud ower the sea,
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rockely green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air ;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around ;
And this bonnie blue flower hung doon its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its
bed,
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower
was dead.

ANDERSON.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of joy and love—

Young blushing love in its earliest dawn ;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,

Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,

In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,

Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

Percival.

THE PRIMROSE.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn
Are waving o'er the pool,
Moved by the wind that breathes along
So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer-by
A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose' bonnie face
I meet it everywhere ;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.

Like God's own light, on every place

In glory it doth fall :

And where its dwelling-place is made,

It straightway hallows all !

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,

The primrose bloometh lone ;

And love it wins—deep love—from all

Who gaze its sweetness on.

On field-paths narrow, and in woods,

We meet thee near and far,

Till thou becomest prized and loved,

As things familiar are !

The stars are sweet at eventide,

But cold, and far away ;

The clouds are soft in summer time,

But all unstable they :

The rose is rich—but pride of place

Is far too high for me—

God's simple common things I love—

My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,

Because all sympathies,

The feelings fond of every day,

Around its circle rise.

And while admiring all the flowers

That summer suns can give,

Within my heart tho' primrose sweet,

In lowly love doth live !—NICOLL.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,

For ye waft me to summers of old,

When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of broken glades breathing their balm,
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
 Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June :
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes ;
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water-lily restore :
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1796.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbor sweet,
The 'bonnie lark, companion sweet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histic stibble-field,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lie!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,

Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
Andwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven,
 To misery's brink,
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink !
 Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fall,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !—BURNS.

PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem
 Man's frailty to portray,
 Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
 Passing at eve away;
 Teach this, and, oh ! though brief your reign,
 Sweet flowers ye shall not live in vain.
 Go, form a monitory wreath
 For youth's unthinking brow;
 Go, and to busy mankind breathe
 What most he fears to know;
 Go, strew the path where eye doth tread,
 And tell him of the silent dead.
 But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
 Ye breathe these truths severe,
 To those who droop in pale decay,
 Have ye no words of cheer ?
 Oh yes ! ye weave a double spell,
 And death and life betoken well.
 Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom,
 Fond hearts and true are sighing,
 And deck with emblematic bloom
 The pillow of the dying;

And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
 Of the long sleep and broken chain ;
 And say, that He who from the dust
 Recalls the slumbering flower,
 Will surely visit those who trust
 His mercy and His power ;
 Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
 And roll, ere long, the stone away.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
 Wild bramble of the brake !
 So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;
 I love it for his sake.
 Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
 O'er all the fragrant bowers,
 Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
 Thy satin-threaded flowers ;
 For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
 That cannot feel how fair,
 Amid all beauty beautiful,
 Thy tender blossoms are !
 How delicate thy gauzy frill !
 How rich thy branchy stem !
 How soft thy voice when woods are still,
 And thou sing'st hymns to them ;
 While silent showers are falling slow,
 And, 'mid the general hush,
 A sweet air lifts the little bough,
 Lone whispering through the bush !
 The primrose to the grave is gone ;
 The hawthorn flower is dead ;
 The violet by the mossed gray stone
 Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
 In all their beauteous power,
 The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
 And boyhood's blossomy hour.
 Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more
 Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
 To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
 In freedom and in joy.—ELLIOTT.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair flower, that lapt in lowly glade
 Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
 Than whom the vernal gale
 None fairer wakes on banks or spray,
 Our England's lily of the May,
 Our lily of the vale.
 Art thou that "lily of the field,"
 Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
 The heart from blank despair,
 He showed to our mistrustful kind,
 An emblem to the thoughtful mind
 Of God's paternal care ?
 But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,
 Dost thou display the Maker's power,
 His skill and handiwork,
 Our western valley's humbler child ;
 Where in green nook of woodland wild,
 Thy modest blossoms lurk.
 What though nor care nor art be thine,
 The loom to ply, the thread to twine ;
 Yet, born to bloom and fade,
 These, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
 Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
 Her wealthiest king arrayed.
 Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen
 Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green ;

Thy Eden-breathing smell;
 Thy arched and purple-vested stem,
 Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
 Displays a milk-white bell;

 Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
 Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
 As rising from the dead,
 And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
 Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
 And berries scarlet red;

 The triple cell, the twofold seed,
 A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
 Whence e'er thy race may grow,
 As from creation they have grown,
 While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
 Or vernal breezes blow:—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand,
 Who at creation gave command,
 And willed thee thus to be,
 And keeps thee still in being through
 Age after age revolving, who
 But the Great God is He?

Omnipotent to work his will;
 Wise, who contrives each part to fill
 The post to each assigned;
 Still provident, with sleepless care
 To keep; to make the sweet and fair
 For man's enjoyment kind!

“There is no God,” the senseless say:—
 “Oh God, why cast’st thou us away?”
 Of feeble faith and frail
 The mourner breathes his anxious thoughts—
 By thee a better lesson taught,
 Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes! He who made and fosters thee,
 In reason's eye perforce must be
 Of majesty divine;
 Nor deems she that his guardian care
 Will he in man's support forbear,
 Who thus provides for thine.

FIELD NATURALIST'S MAGAZINE.

THE NIGHT BLOOMING CERES.

How coyly thou the golden hours dost number!
 Not all thy splendour can thy love beguile;
 Vainly the morning zephyrs fan the slumber,
 And morn's rich glory woos thee for a smile.

For thou dost blossom when cool shadows hover,
 And dews are falling through the dusky air;
 When with new fervour dreams the happy lover,
 And winds grow solemn with the voice of prayer.

While all around thee earth's bright things are sleeping,
 Gay lilies fade, and droops the crimson rose,
 Fresh is the vigil thou alone art keeping,
 And sweet the charms the virgin leaves disclose.

Thus in the soul is deep love ever hidden,
 Thus noble minds will fondly shun the throne,
 And at their chosen time start forth unbidden,
 With peerless valour, or undying song.

Thus the true heart its mystic leaves concealing,
 Folds them serenely from the world's broad glare,
 Its treasured bliss and inmost grief revealing
 To the calm starlight and the dewy air.

Blest is thy lesson, vestal of the flowers—
 Not in the sunshine is our whole delight;
 Some joys bloom only in life's pensive hours,
 And pour their fragrance in the breeze of night.

TUCKERMAN.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.*

Joy fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
As float thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of spring !

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remain'd in doubt.

While, from the rock,
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say ! when the blast
Of winter swept our whiten'd plains, what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charm'dst,—and how was
Thy joyous time ? [past]

Did the green isles
Detain thee long ? or, mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves ?

O, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bower's
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers.

Thou art return'd
On a glad errand,—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fire that burn'd
Within thy breast.

And thy wild strain,
Pour'd on the gale, is love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plumy choir again,
Bids them rejoice.

* The song-sparrow

Nor calls alone
 To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
 Bids all that ever heard love's witching tone,
 Or felt his power.

The poet, too,
 It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire ;
 Yet, ah, how few its sounds shall list, how few
 His song admire !

But thy sweet lay,
 Thou darling of the spring ! no ear despairs ;
 Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, "Be gay!"
 And prompts thy strains.

O, if I knew
 Like thee to sing, like thee the heart to fire,—
 Youth should enchanted throng, and beauty sue
 To hear my lyre.

Oft as the year
 In gloom is wrapp'd, thy exile I shall mourn,—
 Oft as the spring returns shall hail sincere
 Thy glad return.—HENRY PICKERING.

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BRIGHT image of the early years
 When glow'd my cheek as red as thou,
 And life's dark throng of cares and fears
 Were swift-wing'd shadows o'er my sunny brow

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
 Robed in the mimic tints of art ;
 But nature's hand in youth's green age
 With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
 The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee ;
 And in thy look, my Columbine !
 Each fond remember'd spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale ;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And, on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of
glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With look of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art ! thy charms decay,
Touch'd by the wither'd hand of Time ;
And hush'd the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's
chime.

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled ;
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
That echoed on thy native hill ;
And when, loved flower ! I think of thee,
My infant feet will seem to seek thee still .

JONES VINE.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye,
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by,
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.

Theu trustest wisely ! in thy faith array'd,
 More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king ;
 Such faith was His whom men to death betray'd
 As thine who hearest the timid voice of Spring,
 While other flowers still hide them from her call
 Along the river's brink and meadow bare.
 Thee will I seek beside the stony wall,
 And in thy trust with childlike heart would share,
 O'erjoy'd that in thy early leaves I find
 A lesson taught by Him who loved all human kind.

JONES VERRY.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come,
 The saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
 And meadows brown and sear.
 Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
 The wither'd leaves lie dead ;
 They rustle to the eddying gust,
 And to the rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown,
 And from the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow,
 Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
 That lately sprang and stood
 In brighter light and softer airs,
 A beauteous sisterhood ?
 Alas ! they all are in their graves ;
 The gentle race of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds,
 With the fair and good of ours.
 The rain is falling where they lie,
 But the cold November rain
 Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
 The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.—BRYANT.



SELECT POEMS
OF
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath-day, the poor man walks
Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
From his week's toil released;
And jocund is each little boy
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts! that go all week
With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
Hard work and cudgell'd bones;

But now let loose to roam athwart
The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
On this bright Sabbath-day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play;

And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us one precious thing,
 And not to them, is given,
 Kindness to them will be a wing
 To carry it on to heaven!—R. CHAMBERS.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

(ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.)

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
 I love the languid patience of thy face:
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
 And clap thy ragged coat and pat thy head.
 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
 That never thou dost sport along the glade?
 And (most unlike the nature of things young)
 That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
 Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
 Meek child of misery! thy future fate?
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
 "Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?"
 Or is thy sad heart filled with pain
 To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
 And truly very piteous is her lot,
 Chained to a log within a narrow spot,
 Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting green.
 Poor ass! thy master should have learnt to show
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of wo!
 For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
 Half famished in a land of luxury!
 How akingly its footsteps hither bend!
 It seems to say, "And have I then one friend?"
 Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!
 I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn!
 And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
 Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
 Where toil shall call the charmer health his bride,

And laughter tickle plenty's ribless side !
 How thou wouldest toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay !
 Yea, and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
 The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast !

COLERIDGE.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS DOG
 HECTOR.

Come, my auld towzy,* trusty friend,
 What gars ye look sae dung wi' was \ddagger
 D'ye think my favour 's at an end,
 Because thy head is turnin' gray ?

Although thy strength begins to fail,
 Its best was spent in serving me ;
 And can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
 Some comfort in thy age to gi'e ?

For mony a day, frae sun to sun,
 We've toiled fu' hard wi' anither ;
 And mony a thousand mile thou'st run,
 To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

* * * *

O'er past imprudence, oft alone
 I've shed the saut and silent tear ;
 Then sharin' a' my grief and pain,
 My poor auld friend came snoovin' \ddagger near

For a' the days we've sojourned here,
 And they've been neither fine nor few,
 That thought possest thee year to year,
 That a' my griefs arose frae you.

• Shaggy

† Dejected with wo.

‡ Poking.

Wi' waesome face and hingin' head,
 Thou wad'st hae pressed thee to my knee;
 While I thy looks as weel could read,
 As thou hadst said in words to me—

“Oh, my dear master, dinna greet;
 What hae I ever done to vex thee?
 See, here I'm cowrin' at your feet;
 Just take my life if I perplex thee.

For a' my toil, my wee drap meat
 Is a' the wage I ask of thee,
 For whilk I'm oft obliged to wait
 Wi' hungry wame and patient e'e.

Whatever wayward course ye steer,
 Whatever sad mischance o'ertake ye,
 Man, here is ane will hald ye dear!
 Man, here is ane will ne'er forsake ye!”

Yes, my puir beast, though friends me scorn,
 Whom mair than life I valued dear,
 And throw me out to fight forlorn,
 Wi' ills my heart do hardly bear,

While I hae thee to bear a part—
 My health, my plaid, and heezel rung*—
 I'll scorn the unfeeling haughty heart,
 The saucy look and slanderous tongue.

Some friends, by pop'lar envy swayed,
 Are ten times waur than ony fae!
 My heart was theirs, and to them laid
 As open as the light o' day.

I feared my ain; but had nae dread
 That I for loss o' theirs should mourn:
 Or that when luck and favour fled,
 Their friendship wad injurious turn.

* Hazel staff.

But He who feeds the ravens young,
 Lets naething pass He disna see ;
 He'll sometime judge o' right and wrang,
 And aye provide for you and me.

And hear me, Hector, thee I'll trust,
 As far as thou hast wit and skill ;
 Sae will I ae sweet lovely breast,
 To me a balm for every ill.

* * *

I ne'er could thole thy cravin' face,
 Nor when ye pattit on my knee ;
 Though in a far and unco place
 I've whiles been forced to beg for thee.

Even now I'm in my master's power,
 Where my regard may scarce be shoun ;
 But ere I'm forced to gi'e thee o'er,
 When thou art auld and senseless grown,

I'll get a cottage o' my ain—
 Some wee bit cannie, lonely biel',*
 Where thy auld heart shall rest fu' fain,
 And share wi' me my humble meal.

Thy post shall be to guard the door
 Wi' gousty bark, whate'er betides ;
 Of cats and hens to clear the floor,
 And bite the flaes that vex thy sides.

When my last bannock 's on the hearth,
 Of that thou sanna† want thy share ;
 While I hae house or hold on earth,
 My Hector shall hae shelter there.

And should grim death thy noddle save
 Till he has made an end o' me,
 Ye'll lie a wee while on the grave
 O' aye was kind to thee.

* Shelter.

† Shall not.

There's nae alive will miss me mair;
 And though in words thou canst not wail,
 On a' the claes thy master ware,
 I ken thou'l smell and wag thy tail.

If e'er I'm forced wi' thee to part,
 Which will be sair against my will,
 I'll sometimes mind thy honest heart,
 As lang as I can climb a hill.

Come, my auld, towzy, trusty friend,
 Let's speel to Queensb'ry's lofty height,
 All worldly cares we'll leave behind,
 And onward look to days more bright.

While gazing o'er the Lowland dales,
 Despondence on the breeze shall flee;
 And Muses leave their native vales
 To scale the clouds wi' you and me.

THE ROBIN.

Thou comest, blithe one, when the summer sky
 Hath deepened into autumn's richer blue,
 When gorgeous sunset clouds come floating by,
 Burning with golden or with crimson hue;
 And eve's first planet sparkling in the west,
 Beckons the weary day to early rest.

Thou comest, sweet one, when the beechwoods wear
 Their richest tinted robe—before decay
 Hath touched a loveliness more rich and rare
 Than all the young luxuriance of May;
 A deeper glow of beauty on them lies;
 Their hues seemed borrowed all of sunset skies.

Thou comest with thy song when gushing rills
 Have hushed the silver murmuring which made
 Music at summer noontide 'mid the hills,
 And filled with melody the woodland shade.

Summer is gone!—can the bright waters leap
Half so rejoicingly adown the steep?

Thou comest, too, when memories fill the heart
Of brightness banished long;
When flowers grow pale, and silently depart,
Their requiem is thy song.

The blackbird's note, the nightingale's soft lay,
And lark's exulting chant, have passed away.

Where hast thou been through the bright summer
days,

When on the air a thousand songs went by?
Oh! hast thou hushed or treasured up thy lays,
Quenching thy bosom's hidden melody,
To pour it forth with sweeter, richer power,
Gladdening the silence of an autumn hour?

Yes! thus it is—thou comest, and wilt stay
E'en though the dreary winter tarry long,
Mourning, perchance, for summer's glorious day,
Yet ever blending in thy simple song
An under tone of hope, some note which tells
That spring will come again with opening buds and
bells.

ANONYMOUS

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING ONE UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa so hastie,
Wi' bickering brattle!*
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle.†

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union.

* A short race

† Plough-staff

And justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow mortal !

I doubtna, whyles, but thou may thieve :
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen icker* in a thravet
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,†
 And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the winds are strewin' !
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozieſ here beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch|| cauld !

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,||
 In proving foresight may be vain :

* An ear of corn now and then. † A shock of corn.
 ‡ The rest. § Snugly. || The hoarfrost. ¶ Not alone

The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
 Gang aft a-gley,*
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still art thou blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But oh ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

BURNS.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove !
 Thy daily visits have touched my love !
 I watch thy coming, and list the note
 That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
 And my joy is high
 To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
 And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves ?
 Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
 When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet ?
 How canst thou bear
 This noise of people—this breezeless air ?

Thou alone of the feathered race,
 Dost look unscared on the human face :
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts to be ;
 And the “gentle dove”
 Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird !
 Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word ;

* Off the right line, wrong.

Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child—

And thy even wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who tamed thy heart—
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in the crowded air—

I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves;
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out—

I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!—WILLIS.

THE WOOD MOUSE.

D'ye know the little wood mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring ?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim :
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright:

It makes its bed of soft dry moss,
In a hole that's deep and strong ;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
 It knows when flowers are springing;
 And it waketh to its summer life
 When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays,
 The wood mouse plays below;
 And plenty of food she finds for herself
 Where the beech and chestnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest
 When its summer brood is fled,
 And picks the berries from the bough
 Of the hawthorn overhead.

And I saw a little wood mouse once,
 Like Oberon in his hall,
 With the green green moss beneath his feet,
 Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
 All under the forest tree—
 His dinner of chestnut ripe and red;
 And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there:
 It did my spirit good,
 To see the small thing God had made
 Thus eating in the wood!

I saw that God regardeth them,
 Those creatures weak and small:
 Their table in the wild is spread
 By Him who cares for all!

MARY HOWITT.

THE DYING SPANIEL.

OLD Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
 Thou who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;

How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and
blind!

But thy heart is still living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
Ah! how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the
bold!

At sunrise I wakened to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;
And the streamlet flowed down in its gold to the
sea;

And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleamed
from the tree;

And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glowed,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou wouldest gambol, and start from my
feet,

To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my
hand

The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land:
On the moss-sprinkled stone, if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldest crouch on the greensward, and gaze in
my face,

Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of glee
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share!

Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid of
Truth;

When Earth looked an Edan, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path glowing with flowers.

Now Summer is waning; soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,
And thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,
Shalt die when the snow-mantle garments the land:
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in Spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all who caressed thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gardener, when delving, will marvel to see
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree.

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our frailty, some warning, to show
How shifting the sands are we build on below;
Our fathers have passed, and have mixed with the mould;
Year presses on year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!
D. M. Mohr.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT**A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.**

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells ;
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,

On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his powers you scorn ;
 Swiftly seek, on clang ing wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave ;
 Scorn at least to be his slave.—BURNS.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

LOVELY insect, haste away,
 Greet once more the sunny day ;
 Leave, O leave the murky barn,
 Ere trapping spiders thee discern ;
 Soon as seen, they will beset
 Thy golden wings with filmy net,
 Then all in vain to set thee free
 Hopes all lost for liberty.
 Never think that I belie,
 Never fear a winter sky ;
 Budding oaks may now be seen,
 Starry daisies deck the green,
 Primrose groups the woods adorn,
 Cloudless skies, and blossomed thorn
 These all prove that spring is here,
 Haste away then, never fear.
 Skim o'er hill and valley free,
 Perch upon the blossomed tree ;
 Though my garden would be best,
 Couldst thou but contented rest :
 There the schoolboy has no power
 Thee to chase from flower to flower,
 Harbour none for cruel sport,
 Far away thy foes resort ;
 Nought is there but liberty,
 Pleasant place for thee and me.
 Then hither bend thy roving flight,
 In my garden take delight.
 Though the dew-bent level dale
 Bears the lily of the vale,

Through the thicket's bushy dell
 Tempts thee to the foxglove's bell,
 Come but once within my bounds,
 View my garden's airy rounds,
 Soon thou'll find the scene complete,
 And every flow'ret twice as sweet :
 Then, lovely insect, come away,
 Greet once more the sunny day.—CLARE.

SUPERANNUATED HORSE TO HIS MASTER,

WHO HAD SENTENCED HIM TO DIE AT THE END OF SUMMER.

AND hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say ?
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor ?
 A little longer let me live, I pray ;
 A little longer hobble round thy door !
 For much it glads me to behold this place,
 And house me in this hospitable shed :
 It glads me more to see my master's face,
 And linger on the spot where I was bred.
 For oh ! to think of what we have enjoyed,
 In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor !
 Then from the jocund morn to eve employed,
 My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danced on down along,
 Since first to thee these wayworn limbs I gave ;
 Sweet smiling years ! when both of us were young—
 The kindest master, and the happiest slave !

Ah, years sweet smiling, now for ever flown !
 Ten years, thrice told, alas ! are as a day !
 Yet as together we are aged grown,
 Together let us wear that age away.
 For still the older times are dear to thought,
 And rapture marked each minute as it flew ;
 Light were our hearts, and every season brought
 Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new

Ah, call to mind how oft near Searing's stream
 My ready steps were bent to yonder grove,
 Where she who loved thee was thy tender theme,
 And I thy more than messenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
 And throbbed alternate with its hope and fear,
 Did I not bear thee to thy fond one's arms,
 Assure thy faith, and dry up every tear?

And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say?
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
 A little longer let me live, I pray:
 A little longer hobble round thy door!

But oh, kind Nature! take thy victim's life!
 End thou a servant, feeble, old and poor!
 So shalt thou save me from the uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

ANONYMOUS

THE FLY.

"OCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF THE AUTHOR'S CUP"

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
 Drink with me, and drink as I
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
 Make the most of life you may;
 Life is short and wears away!

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline!
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore!
 Threescore summers, when they're gone
 Will appear as short as one!—OLDIE.

THE LINNET.

The songs of Nature, holiest, best are they !
 The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees,
 The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze,
 The streams' soft whispers, as they fondly stray
 Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
 Are sweetly holy ; but the purest hymn—
 A melody like some old prophet-lay—
 Is thine, poured forth from hedge and thicket dim—
 Linnet ! wild linnet !

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
 Into the woods and dells where leaves are green ;
 And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean,
 And hear thy music wandering to and fro,
 Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.
 Thou poor man's songster !—neither wealth nor
 power
 Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw !
 Oh ! bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
 Linnet ! wild linnet !

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
 Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
 And 'mid the furze wrapped in a golden fleece
 Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly ;
 On thymy banks, where wild bees never cease
 Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love !
 Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
 'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
 Linnet ! wild linnet !

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
 And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
 To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
 By bringing Nature's love to his relief.
 Thou churimest by the sick child's window long,
 Till racking pain itself be wooed to sleep ;

And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
 Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
 Linnet! wild linnet!

God saw how much of wo, and grief, and care,
 Man's faults and follies on the earth would make :
 And thee, sweet singer, for his creatures' sake,
 He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
 And by thy voice our souls to love to wake.
 Oh ! blessed wandering spirit ! unto thee
 Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
 And good, and beautiful of earth to be—

Linnet ! wild linnet.

R. NICOLL.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
 A visiter unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory, may die ;
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
 There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
 Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,
 Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

The sum is this : If man's convenience, health,
 Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs ;
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
 To love it too.

COWPER.

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
 The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky !
 O, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer
 hours,
 For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
 Only rippling of waters and waving of trees ;
 There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
 The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums ;
 And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
 There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song ;
 The sunlight falls stillly on leaf and on moss,
 And there's naught but his shadow black gliding
 across ;
 But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges
 the foam
 Of the fierce, rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his
 home :
 There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of
 the flood,
 And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten
 wood ;
 From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs
 its wreath,
 He views the mad waters while writhing beneath ;

On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown,
The kingfisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more
low:

Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark! with a shriek,
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his
breast,

His eye-balls red-blazing, high bristling his crest,
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping
wreck;

And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A mail red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon yet raging afar:
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more
red,

And the roll of the thunder more deep and more
dread;

A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair;
The lightning darts zig-zag and fork'd through the
gloom,

And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and
boom;

The gray forest-eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?
No, no, the brave eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,

And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
 And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!
 Away, O, away, soars the fearless and free!
 What reck's he the sky's strife!—its monarch is he!
 The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
 The blast sweeps against him, unwaver'd his flight;
 High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
 Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
 And the splendour of sunshine is glowing again;
 Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
 Waked bird-voices warble, fann'd leaf-voices sigh;
 On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle
 and run,

The breeze bears the odour its flower-kiss has won,
 And full on the form of the demon in flight
 The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!
 The gray forest eagle! O, where is he now,
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?
 There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly
 wreath,

With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath!
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there;
 'Tis the eagle—the gray forest-eagle—once more
 He sweeps to his eyrie: his journey is o'er!

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
 But the gray forest-eagle minds little his sway;
 The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden
 bloom,
 Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a
 tomb;
 But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!

The green, tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across;
The beech-nut down dropping would crush it beneath,

But 'tis warmed with heaven's sunshine, and fan'd
by its breath;

The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky;
On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,
And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates;
Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagg'd and bare,
Till it rocks in the soft breeze and crashes to earth.
Its blown fragments strewing the place of its birth.
The eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,
He has seen it defying the storm in its might,
Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting
o'er,

But the gray forest-eagle is still as of yore.
His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!
He has seen from his eyrie the forest below
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow.
The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,
And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own.
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the
glades;

He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day;
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air;
And his shriek is now answer'd, while sweeping
along,

By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song;
He has seen the wild red man off-swept by his foes,
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes
once arose;

But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty and high,
Is the gray forest-eagle, that king of the sky!
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;
There rock'd by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,
It is guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home!
When its shadow steals back o'er the empires of
kings,

Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings;
Where wicked oppression is arm'd for the weak,
Then rustles its pinion, then echoes its shriek;
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.
O, that eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleam'd fiercely, and thunder-bolts
rung,

How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through
the air

With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of Peace crown'd the victory won.
O, that eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,
He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom and die!
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish and fall,
He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all:
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'er-
spread,

He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;
And his presence will bless this, his own, chosen
clime,
Till the archangel's fiat is set upon time.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD:

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?
 And with that boding cry
 Along the waves dost thou fly !
 O ! rather, bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice !

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea ;
 Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had shared
 The doom of us : Thy wail—
 What does it bring to me ?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
 Restless and sad : as if, in strange accord
 With the motion and the roar
 Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge—
 'The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou both sepulchre and pall,
 Old ocean, art ! A requiem o'er the dead,
 From out thy gloomy cells
 A tale of mourning tells—
 Tells of man's wo and fall,
 His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
 Thy spirit never more.
 Come, quit with me the shore,
 For gladness and the light
 Where birds of summer sing.

R. H. DANA.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep.
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On Nature's charms to feed,
 And Nature's own great God adore.

C. SPRAGUE.

TO THE CONDOR.

WONDROUS, majestic bird ! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring ;—

Nor on earth's silent breast—

Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky—

Chooses its place of rest.

Proud nursling of the tempest ! where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close ?

In what far clime of night

Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone—

While round thee swells of life no kindred tone—

Suspend thy tireless flight ?

The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare,
No foot of man hath ever rested there ;—

Yet 'tis thy sport to soar

Far o'er its frowning summit—and the plain

Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,

Or the green sea-beat shore.

The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked ;—thy glorious path of light on high

Is trackless and unknown ;

The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share ;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,

Thou art, with him, alone.

Imperial wanderer ! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,

Are never felt by thee !

Beyond the bolt—beyond the lightning's gleam,
Basking for ever in the unclouded beam—

Thy home—immensity !

And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where Heaven's own glories
shine,

And scorn the tempter's power;
 Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings;
 Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings—
 Those pageants of an hour!—MRS. ELLET.

TO THE CANARY-BIRD.

I CANNOT hear thy voice with others' ears,
 Who make of thy lost liberty a gain;
 And in thy tale of blighted hopes and fears
 Feed not that every note is born with pain.
 Alas! that with thy music's gentle swell
 Past days of joy should through thy memory throng,
 And each to thee their words of sorrow tell,
 While ravish'd sense forgets thee in thy song.
 The heart that on the past and future feeds,
 And pours in human words its thoughts divine,
 Though at each birth the spirit inly bleeds,
 Its song may charm the listening ear like thine,
 And men with gilded cage and praise will try
 To make the bard like thee, forget his native sky.

JONES VERY.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WANTHUR, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end :
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

D - 4 - 2 - 1

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

An ear that caught my slightest tone,
In kindness or in anger spoken ;
An eye that ever watch'd my own,
In vigils death alone has broken ;
Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought
Affection to the last revealing ;
Beaming almost with human thought,
And more—far more than human feeling !

Can such in endless sleep be chill'd,
And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
Because the pulse that here was still'd
May wake to no immortal morrow ?

Can faith, devotedness, and love,
 That seem to humbler creatures given
 To tell us what we owe above,—
 The types of what is due to Heaven,—

Can these be with the things that *were*,
 Things cherish'd—but no more returning,
 And leave behind no trace of care,
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning ?
 Alas ! my friend, of all of worth
 That years have stolen or years yet leave me,
 I've never known so much on earth,
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,
 Out and in with the morning air ;
 I love to see him track the street,
 With his wary eye and active feet ;
 And I often watch him as he springs,
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
 And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.
 'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel,
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
 Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
 Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon
 When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,

When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee !
With wings to fly to wood and glen !
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and sear,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth thy feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold ;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And, while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirr'd, to knell or chime,
And, lapp'd in quiet, bide my time.—WILLIS



SELECT POEMS
OF THE
DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

~~~~~  
**THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.**

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

LET not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

My loved, my honoured, much respected friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:  
    My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.  
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
    The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
    What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,  
    I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;  
 The shortening winter-day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh:  
 The blackening trains o' crows to their repose:  
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward  
 bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and  
 glee.  
 His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,  
 The lisping infant Prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun':  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neibor town:  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame perhaps to show a braw new gown,  
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;  
 Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,

Gars auld claes look amraig as weel's the new;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,  
The younkers a' are warned to obey;  
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;  
" And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord  
aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the 'door;  
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,  
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,  
While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak;  
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worth-  
less rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;  
A strappin' youth; he takts the mother's eye;  
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;  
The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:  
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the  
lave.

Oh happy love!—where love like this is found!  
Oh heartfelt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!  
I've pac'd much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening  
 gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !—  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction  
 wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food :  
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
 That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :  
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,  
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;  
 The sire turns q'er with patriarchal grace  
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride ;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
 And "Let us worship God !" he says with solemn air.  
 They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :

Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,  
 Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise,  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like fathér reads the sacred page—  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed :  
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :  
 How his first followers and servants sped,  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great Bab'lōn's doom pronounced by  
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"\*  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

\*Pope's Windsor Forest.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,

In all the pomp of method and of art,

When men display to congregations wide,

Devotion's every grace, except the heart !

The power incensed, the pageant will desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;

But haply, in some cottage far apart,

May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;

And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way :

The youngling cottagers retire to rest :

The parent-pair their secret homage pay,

And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,

Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide ;

But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;

What is a lordling's pomp ?—a cumbrous load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

Oh Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

Oh Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted  
 heart,  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward !)  
 Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

And are ye sure the news is true ?  
 And are ye sure he's weel ?  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark ?  
 Mak haste, set by your wheel.  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door ?  
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck ava ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our goodman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,  
 Put on the mickle pot ;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat :  
 And mak their shoon as black as slacea,  
 Their hose as white as snaw ;  
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
 For he's been long awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,  
Have fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste, and throw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare :  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilk a thing look braw ;  
It's a' for love of my goodman,  
For he's been lang awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
My bishop-satin gown,  
For I maun tell the bailie's wife,  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue,  
It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
For he's baith leal and true.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,  
His breath's like caller air,  
His very foot has music in't,  
When he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,  
That thrill'd through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe ;  
Till death we'll never part :  
But what puts parting in my head ?  
It may be far awa :  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave ;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

---

## WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
 I glory in the sacred ties  
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain :  
 A mutual flame inspires us baith—  
 The tender look, the melting kiss ;  
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
 But only gie us change of bliss.

Hae I a wish ? it's a' for thee ;  
 I ken thy wish is me to please ;  
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,  
 That numbers on us look and gaze.  
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,  
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame ;  
 And aye when weary cares arise,  
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and tak my rest ;  
 And if that aught disturb my dear,  
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
 And beg her not to drap a tear.  
 Hae I a joy ? it's a' her ain ;  
 United still her heart and mine ;  
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

J. LAPRAK.

## WINIFREDA.\*

Away ; let nought to love displeasing,  
 My Winifreda, move your care ;  
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors  
 With pompous titles grace our blood ;  
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
 And to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
 Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke :  
 And all the great ones they shall wonder  
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess ;  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
 For we will live a life of reason,  
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 While round my knees they fondly clung ;  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

\* The name of the author of this beautiful address to conjugal love, written upwards of a century ago, is uncertain.

And when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

---

## FIRESIDE COMFORTS.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
 In folly's maze advance ;  
 Though singularity and pride  
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,  
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
 To our own family and fire,  
 Where love our hours employs ;  
 No noisy neighbour enters here,  
 No intermeddling stranger near,  
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breast this jewel lies,  
 And they are fools who roam ;  
 The world hath nothing to bestow,  
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
 And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
 We, who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know,  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;  
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
 Whence pleasures ever rise :  
 We'll form their mind with studious care  
 To all that's manly, good and fair  
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
     And crown our hoary hairs ;  
 They'll grow in virtue every day,  
 And they our fondest loves repay,  
     And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys ! they're all our own,  
 While to the world we live unknown,  
     Or by the world forgot.

Monarchs ! we envy not your state,  
 We look with pity on the great,  
     And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,  
 But then how little do we need,  
     For Nature's calls are few !  
 In this the art of living lies,  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
     And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
     Nor aim beyond our power ;  
 For, if our stock be very small,  
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
     Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,  
 Patient when favours are denied,  
     And pleased with favours given ;  
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
 This is that incease of the heart,  
     Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;  
     But, when our feast is o'er,  
 Grateful from table we'll arise,  
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
     The reliques of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;  
 Its chequered paths of joy and wo  
   With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
 Without a trouble, or a fear,  
   And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
   And cheer our dying breath ;  
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
   And smooth the bed of death.—CORRER.

## THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.\*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their bame,  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
 Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairth ?  
 'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !  
 The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,  
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;  
 His wee hackett heelies are hard as the airm,  
 An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !  
 Aneath his cauld brow, siccans hover there,  
 O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair !  
 But morning brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,  
 That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn !  
 The sister wha sang o'er his softly rocked bed,  
 Now rests in the mools where their mammy is laid ;  
 While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,  
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.  
 Her spirit that passad in yon hour of his birth,  
 Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,  
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,  
 Wha coothilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

\* Mitherless child.

Oh ! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,  
 He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile :  
 In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall  
     learn,  
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

WILLIAM THOM.

### DUTIFUL JEM.

Susan was a poor widow, who lived in a cot,  
 She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got ;  
 Her windows were broken, her walls were all bare,  
 And the cold winter-wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,  
 Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were  
     thin ;

And bread she'd have wanted, as many have done,  
 If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

But he lov'd her well, like a dutiful lad,  
 And thought her the very best friend that he had ;  
 And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew  
     Was the most wicked thing he could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,  
 While his poor mother hardly could hobble about,  
 And he thought it his duty, and greatest delight,  
 To work for her living from morning to night.

So he started each morning as gay as a lark,  
 And worked all day long in the fields till 't was  
     dark :

Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,  
 And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

And oh, how she loved him ! how great was her joy !  
 To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy :  
 Her arm round his neck she would tenderly cast,  
 And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled fast.

Oh, then, was not little Jem happier far,  
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are ?  
For as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and joy,  
To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

JANE TAYLOR.

---

#### IN THE SEARCH OF GOOD HUMOUR.

In the search of good humour I've rambled all day,  
And just now honest truth has discovered her way ;  
When rubbing his telescope perfectly clear,  
Called out, "I have found her," and bade me come  
here.

I'm grown weary of wit, who but dresses for show,  
And strives still to sparkle as much as your beau ;  
For, if he can shine, though at dear friends' expense,  
He will raise contributions on feeling and sense.

Then learning is proud, nor can trifles with ease,  
Though in this little life 'tis oft trifles that please ;  
Unbending austerity, wrapt up in self,  
Is so like a miser when hoarding his pelf.

Strong reason 's a warrior that fights out his way,  
And seldom has leisure to rest or to play ;  
Nay, so rough has he grown, unless great things are  
done,  
He thinks that all useless went down the bright sun.

Oh ! 'tis gentle good humour that makes life so  
sweet,  
And picks up the flow'rets that garnish our feet ;  
Then, from them extracting the balsam of health,  
Turns the blossoms of nature to true sterling wealth.

MISS BLANTIRE.

## TO MY MOTHER.

On thou whose care sustained my infant years,  
And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;  
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,  
And round my brow hope's brightest garland  
wove ;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,  
Which nature gave me at life's opening day ,  
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,  
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for  
me ?

Who would have smiled responsive ?—who in grief  
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee ?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,  
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?  
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,  
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright  
tear ?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,  
And fanned with anxious hand, my burning brow ?  
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,  
In all the agony of love and wo ?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,  
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch  
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,  
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,  
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom ;  
Yes, thou hast wept so oft e'er every grief,  
That we hath traced thy brow with marks of  
gloom.

Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,  
 Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,  
 To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,  
 Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.  
 DAVIDSON.

## THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.\*

" You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home  
 and heart,  
 To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part;  
 And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,  
 Or pined there was not joy for me when you were  
 sunk in wo?  
 No; I would rather share *your* tear than any other's  
 glee,  
 For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL  
 THE WORLD TO ME.  
 You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn  
 bench a throne;  
 There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in  
 your tone,  
 look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears  
 grow dim,  
 cry, ' Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from  
 heaven on him;  
 Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength  
 and soul;  
 Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst  
 make him whole!'

\* The above admirable lines, by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, appeared a few years ago in the *Sunday Times* newspaper. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener in the United States, whom it had the happy effect of winning from the noisy tap-room to his own domestic hearth.

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids  
smiled,  
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our  
child?  
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of  
rest,  
And feel it as a part of thee I lull upon my breast.  
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it  
long,  
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched  
feel no wrong:  
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;  
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;  
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got  
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur  
not.  
But I would ask some share of hours that you on  
clubs bestow,  
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not  
something know?  
Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an  
hour for me;  
Make me companion of your soul, as may I safely be.  
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when  
you're away;  
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of  
your stay.  
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious  
hours,  
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage  
flowers;  
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise  
and kind,  
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my  
mind your mind."

## CASA WAPPY.\*

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
 Our fond, dear boy—  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy!  
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our death,  
 Casa Wappy!

\*       \*

Thou wert a vision of delight  
 To bless us given;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight,  
 A type of heaven:  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self than a part  
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,  
 'Twas cloudless joy;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy!  
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,  
 That found thee prostrate in decay,  
 And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled;  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child!

\* From "Domestic Verses, by Delta," (D. M. MOM, Esq.,) 1842. Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.

Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;  
Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my sight ;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light !  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,  
With glance of stealth ;  
The hair thrown back from thy full brow  
In buoyant health :  
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,  
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,  
Thy clasping arms so round and white,  
Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
Thy bat, thy bow,  
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;  
But where art thou ?  
A corner holds thine empty chair,  
Thy playthings idly scattered there,  
But speak to us of our despair,  
Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word—  
To glad, to grieve—  
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird  
On summer's eve ;  
In outward beauty undecayed,  
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,  
Casa Wappa !

\* \* \* \*

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
In life's spring-bloom,  
Down to the appointed house below,  
The silent tomb.  
But now the green leaves of the tree,  
The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"  
Return—but with them bring not thee,  
Casa Wappy!

"Tis so; but can it be (while flowers  
Revive again)—  
Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
For aye remain?  
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave  
The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
Yet God forget our child to save!—  
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so  
Thus man could die,  
Life were a mockery, Thought were wo,  
And Truth a lie;  
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,  
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,  
And all our hopes to meet again,  
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!  
With beam of love,  
A star, death's uncongenial wild  
Smiling above:  
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
That led thee back from man to God,  
Casa Wappy!

\* \* \*

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—  
 Pride of my heart!  
 It cannot be that long we dwell,  
 Thus torn apart :  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;  
 And, dark howe'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
 Casa Wappy !

## MY CHILD.

The foot of Spring is on yon blue-topp'd mountain,  
 Leaving its green prints 'neath each spreading tree;  
 Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,  
 Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.  
 From the warm south she brings unnumber'd roses  
 To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care;  
 Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,  
 And her rich gifts are scatter'd everywhere :  
 I heed them not, my child !  
 In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,  
 The golden dandelion by its side,  
 The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth  
 To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.  
 The hyacinth and polyanthus render,  
 From their deep hearts, an offering of love ;  
 And fresh May-pinks, and half-blown lilacs, tender  
 Their grateful homage to the skies above :  
 I heed them not, my child !  
 In the clear brook are springing water-cresses,  
 And pale, green rushes, and fair nameless flowers  
 While o'er them dip the willow's verdant tresses,  
 Dimpling the surface with their mimic showers.  
 The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping  
 Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves ;  
 O, Spring hath fairy treasures in her keeping,  
 And lovely are the landscapes that she weaves :  
 'Tis naught to me, my child !

Down the green lane come peals of heartfelt laughter;

The school has sent its eldest inmates forth;  
And now a smaller band comes dancing after,  
Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.  
At the rude gate the anxious dame is bending  
To clasp her rosy darling to her breast;  
Joy, pride and hope are in her bosom blending;  
Ah, peace with her is no unusual guest!  
Not so with me, my child!

All the day long I listen to the singing  
Of the gay birds and winds among the trees;  
But a sad under-string is ever ringing  
A tale of death and its dread mysteries.  
Nature to me the letter is that killeth:  
The spirit of her charms has pass'd away;  
A fount of bliss no more my bosom filleth—  
Shambles its idol in unconscious clay!  
Thou art in the grave, my child!

For thy glad voice my spirit inly pineth;  
I languish for thy blue eyes' holy light;  
Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth;  
Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night!  
I walk in darkness, with the tomb before me,  
Longing to lay my dust beside thy own;  
O, cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me!  
Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone!

Come back to me, my child!  
Upon that breast of pitying love thou leanest,  
Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou;  
Nor turn'd away petitioner the meanest;  
Pray to **Him**, sinless: He will hear thee now.  
Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;  
Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace;  
Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;  
Speak, and her bitter sorrowings shall cease:  
Come back to me, my child!

Come but in dreams: let me once more behold thee,  
 As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee.  
 And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee  
 Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me!  
 Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,  
 Which memory strives so vainly to recall,  
 And I will onward in the path of duty,  
 Restraining tears that ever fain would fall!  
 Come but in dreams, my child!

Mrs. SCOTT.

#### TO MY MOTHER.

My mother!—Manhood's anxious brow  
 And sterner cares have long been mine;  
 Yet turn I to thee fondly now,  
 As when upon thy bosom's shrine  
 My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,  
 And thy low-whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.

I never call that gentle name,  
 My mother! but I am again  
 E'en as a child; the very same  
 That prattled at thy knee; and fain  
 Would I forget, in momentary joy,  
 That I no more can be thy happy boy;—

The artless boy, to whom thy smile  
 Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night,  
 (Though rare that frown, and brief the while  
 It veil'd from me thy loving light;)  
 For well-conn'd task, ambition's highest bliss,  
 To win from thine approving lips a kiss.

I've loved through foreign lands to roam,  
 And gazed o'er many a classic scene;  
 Yet would the thought of that dear home,  
 Which once was ours, oft intervene,  
 And bid me close again my weary eye  
 To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,  
 Where, by the Hudson's verdant side,  
 My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,  
 And he, we loved, at eventide  
 Would hastening come from distant toil to bless  
 Thine, and his children's radiant happiness.

Alas, the change ! the rattling car  
 On flint-paved streets profanes the spot,  
 Where o'er the sod, we sow'd the Star  
 Of Bethlehem, and Forget-me-not.  
 O, wo to Mammon's desolating reign !  
 We ne'er shall find on earth a home again !

I've pored o'er many a yellow page  
 Of ancient wisdom, and have won,  
 Perchance, a scholar's name—but sage  
 Or bard have never taught thy son  
 Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,  
 As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

If, by the Saviour's grace made meet,  
 My God will own my life and love,  
 Methinks, when singing at His feet,  
 Amid the ransom'd throng above,  
 Thy name upon my glowing lips shall be,  
 And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee.

For thee and heaven ; for thou didst tread  
 The way that leads me heavenward, and  
 My often wayward footsteps led  
 In the same path with patient hand ;  
 And when I wander'd far, thy earnest call  
 Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

I have been bless'd with other ties,  
 Fond ties and true, yet never deem  
 That I the less thy fondness prize ;  
 No, mother ! in my warmest dream  
 Of answer'd passion, through this heart of mine  
 One chord will vibrate to no name but thine.

Mother! thy name is widow—well  
I know no love of mine can fill  
The waste place of thy heart, or dwell  
Within one sacred recess ; still  
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,  
My parent, thou art mine, my *only* one !

DR. BETHUNE.

---

#### TO MY WIFE

Afar from thee ! the morning breaks,  
But morning brings no joy to me ;  
Alas ! my spirit only wakes  
To know I am afar from thee,  
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,  
And thou wert nestled on my breast  
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,  
And to mine own thy heart was press'd.

Afar from thee ! 'tis solitude !  
Though smiling crowds around me be  
The kind, the beautiful, the good,  
For I can only think of thee ;  
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,  
My earliest and my only one !  
Without thee I am all unbless'd,  
And wholly bless'd with thee alone.

Afar from thee ! the words of praise  
My listless ear unheeded greet ;  
What sweetest seem'd, in better days,  
Without thee seems no longer sweet.  
The dearest joy fame can bestow  
Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,  
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,  
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

---

Afar from thee! the night is come,  
 But slumbers from my pillow flee ;  
 O, who can rest so far from home ?  
 And my heart's home is, love, with thee.  
 I kneel me down in silent prayer,  
 And then I know that thou art nigh :  
 For God, who seeth everywhere,  
 Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,  
 No distance can our hearts divide ;  
 Forgotten quite the mediate space,  
 I kneel thy kneeling form beside.  
 My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep  
 But soars the spirit far and free ;  
 O, welcome be night's slumbers deep,  
 For then, sweet love, I am with thee.

DR. BETHUNE.

#### THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
 And pathless was the dreary wild,  
 And mid the cheerless hours of night  
 A mother wander'd with her child :  
 As through the drifting snow she press'd,  
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
 And darker hours of night came on,  
 And deeper grew the drifting snow :  
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone  
 "O, God !" she cried, in accents wild,  
 " If I must perish, save my child ! "

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,  
 And bared her bosom to the storm,  
 And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,  
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.

With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;  
He moved the robe from off the child,  
The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled!

SEBA SMITH.

### BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody;  
Brother, come home.

Come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,  
Come where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise.  
Where cherish'd memory rears her altar's shrine  
Brother, come home.

Come home!

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,  
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,  
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,  
Come to the fireside circle of thy love;  
Brother, come home.

Come home!

It is not home without thee, the lone seat  
Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont to be,  
In every echo of returning feet,  
In vain we list for what should herald thee;  
Brother, come home.

Come home!

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,  
 Watch'd every germ the full-blown flowers rear,  
 Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring  
 Its icy garlands, and thou art not here;  
 Brother, come home.

Come home

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
 With these unwearying words of melody;

Brother, come home.

MISS WATERMAN.

### THE VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

Nor a leaf on the tree, not a bud in the hollow,  
 Where late swung the blue-bell and blossom'd the  
 rose;

And hush'd is the cry of the swift-darting swallow  
 That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented briar  
 That bloom'd o'er the hillock and gladden'd the  
 vale;

And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire  
 Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-covered pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain  
 That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;  
 Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain;  
 And lock'd up in silence its frolicsome tune.

Then heap up the hearthstone with dry forest  
 branches,

And gather about me, my children, in glee;  
 For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,  
 And dear is the home of my loved ones to me!

J. T. FIELDS.

## THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood !

When fond recollection presents them to view ;  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,

For often at noon, when return'd from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,

How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,  
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it.

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips ;  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though fill'd with the nectar that JUPITER sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well.

WOODWORTH.

## THE WIFE

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,  
 And borne the rich one's sneer,  
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride  
 Nor shed a single tear.

I could have smiled on every blow  
 From life's full quiver thrown,  
 While I might gaze on thee, and know  
 I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brook'd,  
 E'en for a time, that thou  
 Upon my fading face hadst look'd  
 With less of love than now ;  
 For then I should at least have felt  
 The sweet hope still my own  
 To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt  
 On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,  
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
 And watch thy life-sands waste away,  
 Unnumber'd, slowly, meek ;  
 To meet thy smiles of tenderness,  
 And catch the feeble tone  
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless  
 And feel, I'll be "alone ;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
 As, filled with heavenward trust, they say  
 "Earth may not claim thee longer ;"  
 Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart  
 Must break when thou art gone ;  
 It must not be ; we may not part :  
 I could not live "alone !"

Mrs. DODGE.

## WEDDED LOVE.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well  
To let the spirit brood  
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell  
Life's current to a flood.

As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all  
Increase the gulf in which they fall,  
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills  
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,  
And with their gloomy shades conceal  
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,  
And would its strength awaken;  
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind,—  
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!  
But rouse afresh each energy,  
And be what Heaven intended thee:  
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,  
And prove thy spirit firmly great:  
I would not see thee bend below  
The angry storms of earthly wo.  
  
Full well I know the generous soul  
Which warms thee into life,  
Each spring which can its powers control,  
Familiar to thy wife,—  
For deem'st thou she had stoop'd to bind  
Her fate unto a *common mind*?  
The eagle-like ambition, nursed  
From childhood in her heart, had first  
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,  
The shrine—than sunk her soul to shame.  
  
Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream  
That fetters now thy powers;  
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam  
To gild each cloud which lowers;

And though at present seems so far  
 The wished-for goal—a guiding star,  
 With peaceful ray, would light thee on,  
 Until its utmost bounds be won:  
 That quenchless ray thou'l ever prove  
 In fond, undying *Wedded Love*.

Mrs. DUNNELL.

### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

In beauty lingers on the hills  
 The death-smile of the dying day ;  
 And twilight in my heart instils  
 The softness of its rosy ray.  
 I watch the river's peaceful flow,  
 Here, standing by my mother's grave,  
 And feel my dreams of glory go,  
 Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.

God gives us ministers of love,  
 Which we regard not, being near;  
 Death takes them from us—then we feel  
 That angels have been with us here !  
 As mother, sister, friend or wife,  
 They guide us, cheer us, soothe our path ;  
 And when the grave has closed between  
 Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain !

Would, mother ! thou couldst hear me tell  
 How oft, amid my brief career,  
 For sins and follies loved too well,  
 Hath fallen the free, repentant tear.  
 And in the waywardness of youth,  
 How better thoughts have given to me  
 Contempt for error, love for truth,  
 Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

'he harvest of my youth is done,  
 And manhood, come with all its cares,  
 Finds, garner'd up within my heart,  
 For every flower a thousand tares.  
 Dear mother! couldst thou know my thoughts,  
 Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,  
 The depth of feeling in my breast,  
 Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine!

JAMES ALDRICH.

## THOUGHTS

WHILE MAKING A GRAVE FOR A FIRST CHILD, BORN DEAD.

Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven!

Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,  
 O, watchful ushers at Death's narrow door!  
 But, lo! while you delay to let her forth,  
 Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss  
 From lips all pale with agony and tears,  
 Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire  
 The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life  
 Held as a welcome to her. Weep, O, mother!  
 But not that from this cup of bitterness  
 A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon her face ere she depart!  
 My daughter! it is soon to let thee go!  
 My daughter! with thy birth has gush'd a spring  
 I knew not of: filling my heart with tears,  
 And turning with strange tenderness to thee!  
 A love—O, God, it seems so—which must flow  
 Far as thou fleet, and 'twixt Heaven and me,  
 Henceforward, be a sweet and yearning chain,  
 Drawing me after thee! And so farewell!  
 'Tis a harsh world in which affection knows  
 No place to treasure up its loved and lost  
 But the lone grave! Then, who so late was sleeping

Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,  
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving,  
But it was sent thee with some tender thought—  
How can I leave thee here ! Alas, for man !  
The herb in its humility may fall,  
And waste into the bright and genial air,  
While we, by hands that minister'd in life  
Nothing but love to us, are thrust away,  
The earth thrown in upon our just cold bosoms,  
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever !

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,  
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,  
And thought how little it would seem like death  
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook  
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps  
That lead us to thy bed, would still trip on,  
Breaking the dread bush of the mourners gone ;  
The birds are never silent that build here,  
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters ;  
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers ;  
And, far below, seen under arching leaves,  
Flitters the warm sun on the village spire,  
Pointing the living after thee. And this  
Seems like a comfort, and, replacing now  
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go  
To whisper the same peace to her who lies  
Robb'd of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work  
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,  
To bring the heart back from an infant gone !  
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot  
Its images from all the silent rooms,  
And every sight and sound familiar to her  
Undo its sweetest link ; and so, at last,  
The fountain that, once loosed, must flow forever,  
Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile  
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring  
Wakens its buds above thee, we will come,  
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,

Look on each other cheerfully, and say,  
*A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,*  
*And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away !*

WILLIS

## TO MY SISTER.

SISTER ! dear sister, I am getting old :

My hair is thinner, and the cheerful light  
 That glisten'd in mine eyes is not as bright,  
 Though while on thee I look, 'tis never cold.  
 My hand is not so steady while I pen

These simple words, to tell how warm and clear  
 Flows my heart's fountain toward thee, sister dear !  
 For years I've lived among my fellow-men,  
 Shared their deep passions, known their griefs and  
 joys,

And found Pride, Power and Fame but gilded toys ;  
 And, sailing far upon ambition's waves,  
 Beheld brave mariners on a troubled sea,  
 Meet, what they fear'd not—shipwreck and their  
 graves.

My spirit seeks its haven, dear, with thee !

P. BENJAMIN.

## THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

The mothers of our forest land !

Stout-hearted dames were they ;  
 With nerve to wield the battle-brand,

And join the border-fray.

Our rough land had no braver,  
 In its days of blood and strife—

Aye ready for severest toil,

Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land !

On old Kentucky's soil  
 How shared they, with each dauntless band,  
 War's tempest and life's toil !

They shrank not from the foeman—  
 They quail'd not in the fight—  
 But cheer'd their husbands through the day,  
 And sooth'd them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land !  
 Their bosoms pillow'd men !  
 And proud were they by such to stand,  
 In hammock, fort or glen,  
 To load the sure, old rifle—  
 To run the leaden ball—  
 To watch a battling husband's place,  
 And fill it, should he fall :

The mothers of our forest-land !  
 Such were their daily deeds.  
 Their monument !—where does it stand ?  
 Their epitaph !—who reads ?  
 No braver dames had Sparta,  
 No nobler matrons Rome—  
 Yet who or lauds or honours them,  
 Even in their own green home !

The mothers of our forest-land !  
 They sleep in unknown graves :  
 And had they borne and nursed a band  
 Of ingrates, or of slaves,  
 They had not been more neglected !  
 But their graves shall yet be found,  
 And their monuments dot here and there  
 “ The Dark and Bloody Ground.”

W. D. GALLAGHER.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
 Upon the blossoming flowers ; like spurs at rest  
 The stars shine gloriously ; and all  
 Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !  
The violet with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head ; when shall it wave  
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow ;  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem ; dust  
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die ;  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
With bitter tears

Ay, I must linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a wither'd tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,  
Went down with thee !

Oft, from life's wither'd bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn,  
And muse on thee, the only flower  
In memory's turn.

And, when the evening pale  
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night-winds wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there ;  
I listen—and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press  
 My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild  
 And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
 Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless your weeping child;  
 And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
 O, give his spirit, undefiled,  
 To blend with thine.

GEORGE D. PRENTISS

#### THE WIDOW'S SONG.

I burn no incense, hang no wreath  
 O'er this, thine early tomb:  
 Such cannot cheer the place of death,  
 But only mock its gloom.  
 Here odorous smoke and breathing flower  
 No grateful influence shed;  
 They lose their perfume and their power  
 When offer'd to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghaun's creed,  
 The spirit may return,  
 A disembodied sense, to feed  
 On fragrance, near its urn—  
 It is enough, that she, whom thou  
 Didst love in living years,  
 Sits desolate beside it now,  
 And falls these heavy tears.

E. C. PINCKNEY.

#### "WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

WHAT is that, Mother!—the lark, my child!—  
 The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble grassy nest,  
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,

And a hymn in his heart, to you pure, bright sphere,  
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays.

Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?—The dove, my son!—  
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return:

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,

In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?—The eagle, boy!—  
Proudly careering his course of joy;  
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother?—The swan, my love!—  
He is floating down from his native grove,  
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,  
He is floating down, by himself to die;  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

G. W. DOANE.

#### ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

The Device—Two hearts united.

The Motto—"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine."

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,

Of massive form, and virgin gold,

As firm; as free from base alloy,

As were the sterling hearts of old.

I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love;  
How youthful fondness persevered,  
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—  
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,  
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,  
Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,  
He won his “fair and blooming bride.”

How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—  
How, then, the white-robed maiden train  
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers,  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood, in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,  
Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells ; the plighted troth—  
The gift of every earthly thing—  
The hand in hand—the heart in heart—  
For this I like that ancient ring.  
I like its old and quaint device;  
“ Two blended hearts”—though time may  
wear them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
“ Till death,” shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two the world's rough pathway trod.

Age might impair their youthful fires,  
 Their strength might fail, mid life's bleak  
 weather,  
 Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on—  
 Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too :  
 " Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"  
 Thine, when the dark storm howls alone,  
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
 " This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"  
 Thine, and thine only, and for ever ;  
 Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,  
 Thine, till the cords of life shall sever  
 Remnant of days departed long,  
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
 Of heartfelt, holy love the token :  
 What varied feelings round it cling !—  
 For these I like that ancient ring.

G. W. DOANE.

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE AT HER DAUGHTER'S  
 BRIDAL.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won  
 The young bird from the nest away,  
 Where, careless 'neath a vernal sun,  
 She gayly caroll'd day by day :  
 The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,  
 From whence her timid wing doth soar.  
 They pensive list, at hush of eve,  
 Yet hear her gushing song no more  
 Deal gently with her : thou art dear  
 Beyond what vestal lips have told,  
 And like a lamb, from fountain clear,  
 She turns confiding to the fold ;

She round thy sweet, domestic bower  
 The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,  
 Watch for thy step at vesper hour,  
 And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,  
 Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,  
 Nor let thy tender cares decay,  
 The soul of woman lives in love ;  
 And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear  
 Unconscious from her eyelid break,  
 Be pitiful, and sooth the fear  
 That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,  
 On thy true breast to sparkle rare ;  
 She places 'neath thy household tree  
 The idol of her fondest care ;  
 And by thy trust to be forgiven,  
 When judgment wakes in terror wild,  
 By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,  
 Deal gently with the widow's child.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

#### THE FAMILY MEETING.\*

We are all here !  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is fill'd—we're all *at home* ;  
 To-night let no cold stranger come :  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found :

\* Written on the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family.

Bless, then, the meeting and the spot  
 For once be every care forgot ;  
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
 And kind Affection rule the hour ;  
 We're all—all here.

**We're not all here !**  
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern relentless hand,  
 Look'd in and thinn'd our little band :  
 Some like a night-flash pass'd away,  
 And some sank lingering day by day ;  
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there—  
 And cruel Ocean has his share—

**We're not all here.**

**We are all here !**  
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear ;  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remember'd face appears !  
 We see them as in times long past ;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold ;  
 They're round us as they were of old—

**We are all here.**

**We are all here !**  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 You that I love with love so dear.  
 This may not long of us be said ;  
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead ;  
 And by the hearth we now sit round,  
 Some other circle will be found.

O! then, that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below !  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss—

We're all—all here!

CHARLES BRASSEY

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER

SURE, to the mansions of the blest,  
When infant innocence ascends,  
Some angel, brighter than the rest,  
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise,  
Beyond where worlds material roll ;  
Till some fair sister of the skies  
Receives the unpolished soul.

That inextinguishable beam,  
With dust united at our birth,  
Sheds a more dim, discolour'd gleam  
The more it lingers upon earth.  
Closed in this dark abode of clay,  
The stream of glory faintly burns :—  
Not unobserved, the lucid ray  
To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath  
Decrees his bounty to resume,  
And points the silent shaft of death  
Which speeds an infant to the tomb—  
No passion fierce, nor low desire,  
Has quench'd the radiance of the flame ;  
Back to its God the living fire  
Reverts, unclouded as it came.

Fond mourner ! be that solace thine !  
Let hope her healing charm impart,  
And soothe, with melodies divine,  
The anguish of a mother's heart.

O, think ! the darlings of thy love,  
 Divested of this earthly clod,  
 Amid unnumber'd saints above,  
 Beak in the bosom of their God.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth  
 Still tender images remain :  
 Still, still they bless thee for their birth,  
 Still filial gratitude retain.  
 Each anxious care, each rending sigh,  
 That wrung for them the parent's breast,  
 Dwells on remembrance in the sky,  
 Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend ;  
 For thee the Lord of life implore ;  
 And oft from sainted bliss descend,  
 Thy wounded quiet to restore.  
 Oft, in the stillness of the night,  
 They smooth the pillow of thy bed ;  
 Oft, till the morn's returning light,  
 Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark ! in such strains as saints employ,  
 They whisper to thy bosom peace ;  
 Calm the perturbed heart to joy,  
 And bid the streaming sorrow cease.  
 Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear :  
 Their part and thine inverted see :—  
 Thou wert their guardian angel here,  
 They guardian angels now to thee.

J. Q. ADAMS.

## THE RINGLET.

The statesman's cabinet was thickly strown  
 With parchment scrolls, Ambition's implements :  
 The hum of passers by, the low, quick note  
 Of the rich time-piece, the fantastic play  
 Of the chequer'd light athwart the dusky room,  
 The sweet aroma and the pensive strain  
 From his wife's terrace stealing winningly—  
 Were all unheeded by the man of cares.

You might have known the failure of some aim,  
 Of more than common import, in the plan  
 Too intricately wove—of his deep schemes :  
 For fix'd in troubled musings was his gaze ;  
 As restlessly he scann'd each letter'd roll,  
 Till thrusting back, in very petulance,  
 A half-read packet on his escretoir,  
 The spring-lock of a secret drawer was touched.  
 And the forgotten nook where, in his youth,  
 He had been wont to store the treasures small  
 Of every doting hope, sprang forth unbid !  
 What mystic token stays his anxious gaze ?  
 And whence that glowing flush ?—that mournful  
 smile ?

Ay, and the tear in that world-tutor'd eye ?  
 List, list !—he speaks !—mark well his thoughtful  
 words ;  
 They may instruct thee,—for men call him GREAT :

“ RINGLET of golden hair !  
 How thou dost move my very manhood now !  
 Stirring in radiance, there,  
 As once thou didst above this care-worn brow

“ Methinks it cannot be  
 That thou art mine ; yet, gazing, do I feel  
 The spell of infancy,  
 Like distant music, through my bosom steal.

"Sweet relic of that hour;  
 She who so fondly deck'd thee, day by day,  
 As some love-cherish'd flower,  
 From the green earth, for aye, has pass'd away."

"O, what unconscious bliss  
 Fill'd this lone breast when thou wert floating free,  
 Woeing the breeze's kiss;—  
 Symbol of early joy, I welcome thee."

"Would that the sunny hue  
 That gilds thy silken threads so brightly o'er,—  
 Would that life's morning dew  
 Might bathe my restless heart forever more."

"Unto the spirit-land  
 Could I, in being's brightness, have been borne,—  
 Had her fond, trembling hand  
 From my cold brow this golden ringlet shorn;

"Not then, should I thus gaze,  
 And sigh that time has weaken'd and made dim  
 The charm which thou dost raise,—  
 Bright as the tresses of the cherubim."

"Type of life's tranquil spring,  
 Thy voice is rich and eloquently mild,  
 The Teacher's echoing:—  
 'Become thou now e'en as a little child!'"

TUCKERMAN.

M-T

I am writing to you  
 Your handwriting is very clear and distinct  
 and especially the letters  
 and figures are well formed.

and I am giving my opinion on your handwriting  
 It is quite good  
 though you do not seem to be  
 fully conscious of your great ability

